



CALIFORNIA GARDEN

Per Year
One Dollar

FEBRUARY, 1917

Per Copy
Ten Cents

Beauty Not An Enemy of Utility
Californians Abroad
The Early Bird in the Moonlight
Begonias from Seed
The Audubon Society of San Diego

CALIFORNIA GARDEN

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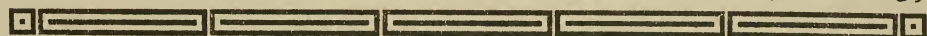
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The California Garden

Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association


One Dollar per Year, Ten Cents per Copy

Vol. 8

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 8

Beauty and Utility

T is a darned good thing for a garden that it knows little about elections and yet even a garden paper has to notice them. We are about again to elect sundry servants of the people under various names, supposedly designating what we expect them to do for us, but election activities do not put such a face upon the matter and only the wise in election ways can detect that the man on the street is an employer looking for a laborer in his vineyard, when he is not the laborer with eyes on the vineyard and its fruitage. Our chief concern with the matter is that again springs, or is pushed up, the old dinnerpail and factory smoke argument, admittedly within the rights of any one so to do with it if such they believe the way of civic salvation, but it is not right, nor fair, nor common-sense, nor truth, that civic beauty in the form of boulevarding and parking and such is in any way antipathetic to commercial prosperity, and it is true that such beauty is a commercial asset of such value that it supports not only large communities and sections of country in all parts of the world, but is of primary consideration in all modern city building. Further, the harvesting of the tourist crop is never a matter of debate; all take part in it that can and those that don't want to. Why then question the legitimacy, from a purely commercial viewpoint, if you choose, of so working the soil that the harvest may be bounteous.

As a very insignificant sample of the large class who come to California to LIVE we have never found any objection to the acceptance of our few pence because our operations were outside the real commercial ring. On the contrary we have at times thought our fears justified when we diagnosed actual well laid plots and schemes to empty the purse instantler into business channels.

Our community has the smoke and pail man, the park and boulevard man, it is to be hoped a sprinkling of a combination of both and all other kinds, but we have just one city where we will all live, none being willing to migrate at the say so of the others, and a city divided against itself is among other things a fool city.

So much as a suggestion for harmony, which is a possibility on a broad basis even where opinions radically differ. Now for OUR SIDE.

There are mighty few San Diegans who could own, borrow, or even steal an auto, who have not entertained a visitor by taking such for a ride to the end of Point Loma over that splendid road San Diego so earnestly besought

Uncle San to build, and why? Just for that very thing. Now wherein lies the attraction? Surely in a VIEW, the beauty of which is scarcely equalled in the wide world, and an analysis of this beauty will show as a large factor the wonderful curve of the shore line from The Point to the city and this is so obvious that in ever increasing numbers citizens dream of that curve boulevarded as is the famous Bay of Rio de Janeiro. The dream had a night-mare turn when a franchise for a shipyard of 2500 feet of frontage right in the middle of the curve was sought and actually considered at some ridiculous figure of one or two hundred dollars a month, which, if consummated, would have made Esau's sale of his birthright for a mess of pottage seem like an acute business transaction. Any piecemeal treatment of the shore from Point Loma to Broadway is a crime artistic and commercial and this recent bite at the very solar plexus of the crescent should hasten the adoption of a definite and comprehensive plan which can be materialised as conditions allow. Why not get such a plan and start that section lying between Roseville and the Government reservation and ask the government to co-operate and build its part. Perhaps, and one could wish to think it not only possible but probable, Leonardo de Vinci may have reincarnated and the plan for our glorious bay shore has been kept in abeyance awaiting his master scheme. We dare to be thus visionary, or worse, according to your point of view, because it seems worthwhile to try and emphasize that the proper treatment of the Bay of San Diego is one of the World's BIG WORKS and calls for the biggest MAN she has in that line. It would be a poor human tool indeed that could not design a GOOD plan for such material, but that is the very danger that we may fail to recognize, that even the BEST Man may not be able to fully use the opportunity for the gods have done so much working through the ages.

Citizens of San Diego, your Bay is a precious jewel awaiting a setting. See to it that it is set fitly and recall that there are certain striking comparisons drawn against the setting of jewels with wrong castings in all the scriptures. We can only think of one at this writing and we don't want to quote it.

Californians Abroad

By Guy L. Fleming



T this season of the year, when so many wild flowers are beginning to make their appearance, and when the native shrubbery is heading into bloom and is dressed in its richest green, it might interest the readers of the Garden to know how much their gardens, and especially the gardens of the East and Europe are indebted to our beautiful wild plantings for their beauty.

I was very much surprised, when I came to check up, to find such a long list of truly good things that we have been neglecting all these years. I will present them botanically in alphabetical order.

First we have the *Abies* (Firs), of which we have five in this State, that are used for

ornamental purposes. *Abies concolor*, or Colorado White Fir, is plentiful in the mountains of this county. Many of the young trees are sold here at Christmas. *A. grandis* is a beautiful tree of Northern California; *A. lowiana* (California White Fir) is found in Southern California; *A. magnifica* (California Red Fir) is a very fine tree and easily grown; *A. nobilis* (Noble Fir) is rare. And who does not know the *Abornias*, the grand verbenas of the beach and the desert? In England many varieties have been produced. One is described as "a honey-scented perennial, having dense clusters of lemon-yellow flowers;" another with, "white flowers which expand late in the afternoon, and then emit a delicate vanilla-like perfume." Several others

should come and in any case will result in better blooms. This rubbing off of half the pushing buds is as conducive to fine blooms as pruning, in fact the latter loses half its effect if not followed by the former for pruning stimulates to the extent of forcing so many buds at one time that they cannot any of them reach best development, further the shape of the bush can be wonderfully controlled by this bud thinning in directing growth where desired.

Any planting or transplanting not already done should be hurried for obvious reasons.

Not many years ago a garden in San Diego meant just roses, but now things are changed and it seems likely that the Queen of flowers may realize she is in a republican country for already she must herd with the vulgar throng. This is not all wrong for this is not a rose climate or soil and our rose efforts should be concentrated on a feast of roses in the early spring. I know such a doctrine will bring down upon me an avalanche of stories of the wonderful roses of twenty years ago; roses that starting by the porch overran the house, climbed trees, spread from the garden into the road and gave several cord of wood when they had to be chopped down so that traffic could go through. In moderation these roses did exist and in isolated cases still do so, but they were not the kinds included in the list of best sellers today and the little shacks, the ugliness of which they hid with their riotous growth have given place to bungalows with fearful and wonderful porch pillars dearer to the heart of the owner than any rosebush could ever be. Then we have evolved out of the riotous stage into one of efficiency so high that there is no unused space for any kind of a riot. All of which merely means that with us the rose has a place but not the whole thing, and so much is said about it here that the reader may at once recognize that a rosebush does not make a garden any more than one swallow makes a summer. Nevertheless there will always be devotees at the Rosa shrine who will worship nowhere else and a rose garden is a possibility. No one would be content with such a garden as the rose plot in Balboa Park if there were no such environment and just the roses were all there was to the garden. This is no disparagement of the Park rose garden, which has shown marvellous results and is eminently suitable for what it is, but though it is a wonderful study in color form and scent of blooms it has absolutely no merit as a picture with its formal arrangement of paths and beds and growth all of one height. If any one thinks this unfair criticism, let

them picture the plot without a rose in bloom and then realize that the true garden should have attractions simply as an arrangement of greens.

A private rose garden need not be formal, in fact an effort should be made to break formality with the various habits of different roses. It should have arches and pillars, massed beds with borders of polyanthas, and the real joy, long, narrow ones of standard or tree roses divided by grass walks. Don't say you cannot have standards here for you can. I have some of General McArthur as fine as the country can show, but they are wasted in a border and cry to me to be in a long row with the grass at side to compliment their crimson crown. Oh what joy for a rose devotee to get out early in the morning with the dew on rosebud and grass, barefooted of course, and saunter down between rows of the General, feeling the grass' wet caress at the feet and passing from perfect bud, just turning back its outside petal like a shell, to full blown beauty opening its heart to the morning sun, with the real rose odor hanging like a benediction in the air. I would try Marechal Niel with his root out in the sun and the rest of him trained under a lattice and under diverse other conditions till I either saw or knew I could not see his branches festooned with the perfect yellow blooms that only he can give, and if he honored me I would have a fete day with the music of just one violin played with that soft pedal attachment and a guard with loaded rifle to shoot any one who spoke above a whisper or mentioned efficiency or the state of the real estate market or any other of those very trivial and unreal topics of general comment. Then I would try and coax into blooming some of those almost black velvet roses that are as full of mystery as bloodstains and cull them and set them beside some of those cold, white empty-hearted Frau Karl Druschkis which seem purer than any mere earthly thing ought to be.

Oh, I could have a good time in just a rose garden, but I could not make it all at once. I would not want to, for the joy would be half centered in the making of it. Week by week finding some spot where another bush might go and then deciding on the very best variety for just that place and after planting to watch the space gradually and suitably occupied and then one day to see burst forth just the color note most desired.

There I hope I have made the amende honorable to my lady sovereign to whom my allegiance never really wavers.

Time to begin *thinking* about the 1917 Rose Show

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD

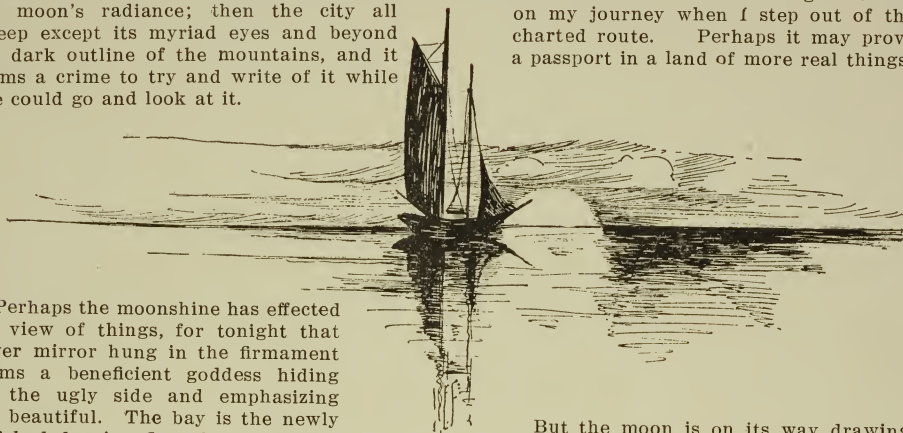


AVE been moved to wonder, during these most wonderful moonlight nights of early February, why this phase of the garden has been so systematically neglected. I come to my typewriter out of the glorious moonlight, where, standing in my garden on the top of Point Loma, I overlook the Bay reflecting the lights of the city and yet alight itself with the moon's radiance; then the city all asleep except its myriad eyes and beyond the dark outline of the mountains, and it seems a crime to try and write of it while one could go and look at it.

Perhaps the moonshine has effected my view of things, for tonight that silver mirror hung in the firmament seems a beneficent goddess hiding all the ugly side and emphasizing the beautiful. The bay is the newly polished dancing floor for the fairies that like points of light come sparkling down from the hills and if only I could keep awake long enough I should see the fairy chain weaving across to the old Spanish lighthouse and kindling again the beacon that guided the ships of long ago, perhaps telling the story of that mysterious forest that certain chroniclers say covered the hills here only a few hundred years ago, for that is a fairy story. I have before stated my emphatic acceptance of fairies, all kinds of them, all colors and shapes and with and without wings and tonight in the moonlight I know I should have seen them if only I could have turned round quickly enough. Let us go and look for a fairy in the garden. They say the special California kind are white and gold, moonlight and sunshine, what a beautiful combination and how fitting for this glorious land where they are given so lavishly both to the just and unjust.

I remember well my first meeting with the moon as a maker of heart-satisfying designs. It was in San Francisco, and I was walking down town from the Western addition before the fire and the moon was watching me do it, and as I came to the Park on Eddy and Franklin, I believe, she gave a demonstration upon the whitewashed wall of a livery stable. On that white surface (not white but just light)

the shadow of a eucalyptus bough fell and it was like the work of some Japanese master who had been to heaven and come back to leave one final perfect masterpiece. Maybe that old stable is gone; quite possibly the tree no longer waves its melancholy branches in the breeze, but so long as I live the picture the moon sketched that night will be mine and I am not sure that it will not go with me on my journey when I step out of the charted route. Perhaps it may prove a passport in a land of more real things.



But the moon is on its way drawing designs in the garden. She loves the eucalyptus to play hide and seek through its branches and leaves, and dearly so when a little wind enables her to make her shadows on the white path live and move and have being. Here is an avenue which delights the moon. It runs so that she can take it at a slant and get lights and shadows and check the floor between as if it were a wondrous mosaic of fine in black and white marble. To walk down it one should don silken hose and knee breeches and wear a ruffled shirt and have beside one a fair lady, with powdered hair and little black beauty spots, whose train flowed out behind carried by four little pages whose business it was to see and hear nothing. Or better still, be a Fawn with tufts on one's ears and have the Queen of the fairies for companion. Why, right this minute I want to play at it, the avenue in the moonlight is waiting and I know a path to the right where shrubs stand so thick that the shadow is black as ink and I will take her in there and—well, leave the pages and you outside.

You who know the Monterey cypress only in its man contorted form don't know it at all. Locate one that has been let alone and visit it in the moonlight. It will please you with the moon softening its foliage to the texture of feathers, but get round the other side and

study its silhouette and if you are aught but bone and meat you will want to go home and plant one for your children.

Some day I will plant, or I like to play that I will, a part of a garden just for the moonlight. It will have a bare space of silver sand and around it growths that are open enough to make patterns and on moonlight nights I will come out to it and trim those growths slowly and luxuriously like the epicure sips old wine. I will make the moon and the trees and sand make my pictures and at the thought I see again the book of my childhood and a page with an illustration of a man drawing things underneath which is written, "a designer you see drawing pictures for me". I will trace the moon's pictures with a wand, no common stick, and in the morning will go and look at it again and find the footsteps of all those who came to see after I had gone to bed.

I like the moon; she is so kindly. She cov-

ers over all the machine marks in my garden till it looks as if it just happened, the way real gardens always look. I have a notion that in the moonlight the plants in the garden forget their trouble, forget the gardener that prunes and transplants and digs up and throws away. Then the garden things can rest in the moonlight without necessarily going to sleep. When the sun shines they just have to keep busy growing or blowing or making seed, but on moonlight nights they can just gossip as I am doing now; and perhaps when that sentimentalized ruffian, the rabbit, silently hops into a bright spot the chatter stops and every little plant wonders with fear which one will have its head chopped off, for the moonlight has its tragedies.

It is of no avail to fight longer against the urge; I must leave this striving to make you see the real moonlight and go back into that avenue and try and dance down it without stepping upon a shadow.

Words of Praise for An Old Friend



PRIMROSES have always been the most satisfactory winter-blooming plants in my lath house. They seem to revel in a cool temperature at all times, and give such a wealth of bloom when most other plants are ragged and unsightly.

Now is the time to buy primrose seed and it pays to get only the best. The seed must be imported either directly or indirectly. It costs more, but it is far cheaper in the end than the cheapest, and in any case the difference is only a matter of cents.

The culture of all the primroses is simple. Seeds are sown in the spring—March to May are the best months. Indeed, it is very easy to raise good plants of most of the primroses from seed sown as late as August. This is particularly true of *Primula Sinensis*, and *P. malacoides*.

The seed soil for most primroses should be composed of equal parts of good loam, leaf-mold and clean, sharp sand. Mix this soil carefully and sift through a fine sieve. Then put into the seed-pans, press down firmly, and water well. Sprinkle the seed on top of this soil, and cover lightly with sand. Place a pane of glass over the seed-pan, and put in a warm light place until the tiny plants appear. This will be in from three weeks to three months. A little tobacco dust and sulphur mixed, and sprinkled over the surface after sowing, will help keep down fungus and insects. Keep the soil moist, but not wet. When four to six leaves have formed, pot in

two-inch pots, or plant two inches apart in flats.

The potting soil may be composed of garden loam, leaf-mold, sand and well-rotted cow manure, equal parts. Under no condition must primroses be allowed to become pot-bound; it checks their growth and forces them to produce flowers prematurely. One secret in potting the primrose is to get it, just deep enough so that the base of the lower leaves will be at the surface of the soil.

There are many varieties of primrose, but I will only mention the five I have grown. The Chinese primrose (*Primula Cinensis*) is the oldest and best known form in cultivation. *Primula stellata*, the most graceful of all primroses, resembles a form of that variety; but the plant has an entirely different habit, it being taller and more open. As a window-plant, *Primula malacoides* is probably the best in cultivation today, because of its long period of bloom. *Primula obconica* is my favorite variety. The flowers are borne on long stems four to ten inches, the cluster containing several flowers, so that they produce an effect not unlike a truss of geraniums. Sprout *P. obconica* seeds only in sandy loam, or you will never see half your seeds come up. This species is poisonous to many people, and care should be taken in handling it if one is susceptible.

Primula Kewensis is a very good yellow, and slightly fragrant, but the plant differs from the other primroses in that its stems produce leaves. It is also more easily grown.

ORRELL FLEETWOOD. .

Begonias from Seed (Natural Pollenization)

By Mrs. Frank Waite



O me there is a fascination in the possibilities of growing begonias from seed. It is also fascinating and gratifying to grow these plants from slips and leaves, but in this case I know just what varieties I am going to be rewarded with, while this is not always the result when growing begonias from seed. The trite saying that "variety is the spice of life," holds good in the culture of flowers as in all the walks of life.

Especially is this true of begonia seed naturally pollenized in San Diego lath houses and in the open, where the genial climate is such that these tropical and semi-tropical plants can be grown the whole year through, bearing blossoms and producing seeds.

The cooler weather of our winters may stop the rapid growth which is made in the summer and which is the outcome of heat, moisture, and for most varieties, shade. But there is not sufficient cold to stop all growth, or to discourage nature's natural pollinator, the busy bee, during even our coldest weather. All varieties do not blossom through the winter, nor do all varieties blossom in the summer, but many varieties are continuous bloomers.

I have a large plant of Begonia Ricinifolia that sent up flower stalks three feet high, and continued its growth just as if it had a mission or had started and couldn't stop—yes, just like Tennyson's "Brook," we hear of once in a while. (?) The plant was beautiful all winter, with its great panicles of pink blossoms, and it has perfected a few seeds, which in my experience is rare with this variety. It will be very interesting to watch for new varieties from the seeds of this particular begonia. Ricinifolia is a good variety for the living room as well as for the lath house. The name is an indication of the shape of the foliage, resembling that of the deeply cleft leaf of the Ricinus, or castor oil plant. Its name has become a type name for many other begonias of similar growth, such as Rubella, Sunderbruchii, Nigricans and others. As there were many other varieties blossoming in the lath house at the same time, and as the bees were busy gathering sweets and carrying the pollen on their very much be-yellowed heads, from plant to plant, I hope to have something new in the way of a Ricinifolia type from this particular crop of seeds.

Talk about "thrills," there is nothing equal to the real joy of finding a tiny seedling begonia after it has grown out of its first baby stage, and is putting on airs showing plainly

to which class it belongs. It continues interesting through all the varying changes, (which in their first stages can best be enjoyed through a good magnifying glass), till it has developed in a full grown begonia.

The bee is not the only natural pollinator used by Mother Nature for reproduction and the making of new varieties of plants in the way of crosses and hybrids. Many other insects help in the work of pollenization, and the gentle zephyrs wafted through the lath house contribute largely to the making of new varieties of begonias, as the dust-like seed is scattered here and there, finding lodgment in a flower pot, box or bed, in which the soil is just right for it. These "come-by-chance," or "Topsies," as we might call them (having "just growed") are always a delight and pleasure, because of the unexpectedness, and to the real plant enthusiast, opens up visions of something new and unusual in this family of plants.

It is to be readily seen that the possibilities of new varieties produced by Mother Nature's method in the lath house and pergola cannot often be acquired in a glass house, where the bees and other influences do not have access to the plants.

Of course this natural plant breeding would not appeal to the scientist who wants to know just what results to expect where he is breeding plants with a definite purpose. I fancy that Luther Burbank was not paying much attention, or giving much of his valuable time, to natural hybridization or crossing when he produced the wonderful begonia the "seed of which brought \$100—just for a pinch of it." (By the way, a pinch of begonia seed is quite different in bulk from a pinch of nasturtium seed. The former is as fine as dust.) I have never heard just what begonia was the result of this high-priced seed or what wonderful begonias produced this seed. Perhaps some of the readers of California Garden have more information on this subject than I have and can tell us about it. I wish that Luther Burbank would become very much interested in the hybridization and crossing of these beautiful plants. I can almost see the glorious results of what his work would bring forth for California and all flower lovers.

In our lath house are sixteen Rex begonias, no two alike, which are the product of one seed pod (or capsule) from the Rex begonia Lesoudsii. The two years in which they have been growing and changing have been doubly interesting and enjoyable because of these beautiful seedlings.

All begonias do not bear seed, but the list

of those which produce fertile seed as tried out in our lath house is increasing. It is quite worth while to watch for seed, where least expected. I had given up all hope of finding perfect seed of *Corallina Lucerna*. During the summer season, the time when this begonia does its best blooming, we had eight or ten large sized plants in bloom. I watched closely for fertile seed, and was finally rewarded, late in the autumn, with finding just one pod which contains seed which, I think, will produce plants. At least the dust-like seed looks promising enough to justify almost unlimited expectations and entertainment.

Here is an interesting list of San Diego grown begonia seed, to be tried out in the lath house this season: *Odorata Alba*, *Thurstonii-Grandiflora*, *Rubella*, *Evansiana*, *Metallica*, *Roy des Massifs*, *Manicatta*, *Sunder-*

bruchii, *Lesoudsii*, *Robert George*, *Pink Rubra*, *Luminosa*, *Salmon Queen*, *Erford's Superba*, *Gracillis Smithii*, and *Dorothy*, the last two named, with the addition of *Thurstonii-Grandiflora*, originated in our lath house.

A few varieties of the tuberous class will be tried out with a view to getting a combination of fibrous rooted and tuberous. We have selected *Loydii* and several varieties of bright colored tuberous. Also seed of a Holland strain of giant size both in flower and stalk.

We would like to hear from others, through California Garden, of their efforts in growing begonias from seed or in fact anything of interest in the way of begonia culture. I know, from the many questions asked me over the phone, and the letters of inquiry from a distance, that there is an unusual interest in this family of plants.

The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch



THE last couple of weeks, up to the present writing, 11th inst., have been very favorable to the garden, and it has been a real treat to get out of doors and enjoy the warm sunshine again. It also stimulates the desire to get out and "do things" in the garden. If we have taken advantage of the copious rains with which we have been favored, we have ere this, spaded up or cultivated our soil, digging in well-rotted manure, to put back in the ground what we have taken out of it during the last year. If we draw on nature's supplies of fertilizers in the soil we must return them if we wish to be successful in our garden, as a starved soil cannot produce good vegetables or flowers.

Having spaded and fertilized the garden, rake to a fine surface when you are going to plant your seed, and you will soon find the top surface dry enough to plant. Lay your ground off in rows, for most vegetables about two feet apart. Use a line or string of some sort, and make your furrows with the end of your hoe or rake handle. For the average small seed, like lettuce, turnips, carrots, etc., do not cover more than half an inch or less. Some people plant small seeds as though they expected to gather the crop in China, and then wonder why they do not get any results in California! Peas and beans should be planted from one and a half to two inches deep. In all planting firm the soil over the seed with the back of the hoe or rake. It keeps the surface from drying out and if you have taken proper advantage of the rains, as described

before, there is ample moisture in the ground to give your seed a good start.

When the plants are well above the ground and the weather continues dry, wet the plants either by thorough sprinkling or by running water in a furrow alongside the seed and allowing it to soak through. Follow this by raking or cultivating the ground to prevent baking. During this month you can sow and plant most of the list of vegetables, and as a five-cent package of seed usually contains enough seed for two plantings, one can afford to gamble a little and take a chance on planting some of the seeds not usually planted until later. The Japanese market gardeners are wonderfully venturesome in this, often planting hundreds of dollars worth of seed on the chance that weather conditions may be favorable. If they are, they make "a big killing" at high prices; if not, they usually come back with a smile for more seed. So if you have a particularly warm location you might risk planting a little sweet corn, tomato seed or plants, a few beans and you can put in some more peas and another planting of all the seeds you have already sown, provided you have the necessary room and wish to have a succession of fresh vegetables. A few more potatoes will also be an addition, and you can still plant strawberries and rhubarb roots and have returns from both during the next sixty to ninety days. If possible finish the planting of fruit trees and rose bushes this month as the sap is beginning to flow and buds are swelling, making it much more difficult to handle them safely with bare roots.

In the Lath-House

By A. D. ROBINSON



At this writing we have had nearly a month practically without rain and unless things in pots and baskets have been watered in season they have suffered considerably. Further there are always places in the lathhouse that do not get any rain at any time because of overhead shelter of one kind or another. Always hope for rain and try to be sure in your heart that it will come but ACT as if you were not. This is the only safe course.

It is not to be wondered at that the things in our lathhouse are constantly doing stunts that show they are bewildered, for being all importations they must think it funny to find April in January and January in May and never a December to take a rest.

This is the appointed season to get Tuberous Begonias and if you desire to plant a number go to your local seedsman, preferably those who advertise in this magazine, and tell him to order them for you and you will or should find the price agreeably less than you expect in spite of the war and rumors thereof. By the end of March the tubers can be started into growth by placing them on moss or damp sand and keeping moist in a warm shady place till they have started to grow, when they can be potted, not put out in the ground, which will not be warm enough till late April or May.

Fearless of endless repetition the following further data about tuberous begonias is given. The tubers are saucer shaped and the side with the depression is the top. Large tubers do not necessarily produce the largest flowers, in fact the reverse is the general rule. They are almost as hardy as geraniums, substituting for those plants as bedders in Europe, and can be had in singles and doubles and fringed and frilled in white, pink, red and all shades of yellows. Though grown in full sun in other climes with us they need shade and protection from the wind reaching great perfection under lath in the ground or in pots or hanging baskets. The special drooping varieties called "hanging basket" are not generally sold in this country but in England have been developed in a number of colors. They should be obtainable from twenty-five to seventy-five cents per dozen according to variety. No lathhouse should be without at least a dozen tuberous begonias.

Most of the things in the lathhouse can take care of themselves for a few weeks more but this is the time to generally fertilise; that is, systematically work fertilizer into all

the ground. Where planting is very close, as it is apt to be, this is a delicate job and precludes the use of a generous tool and stable manure, for the lady of the lathhouse who is most always the final authority will not consent to the promiscuous use of this variety as a top dressing. Perhaps the very best and safest variety is dry sheep manure pulverised. Experience has shown that this can safely and effectively be used with the most delicate of growths, but it has not been procurable locally of late and a good though rather risky substitute is the guano from the Lower California Islands. Either of these should be sprinkled lightly over the ground and carefully worked in with fork or trowel. At the same time do thin out here and there. Lathhouse space is too precious to be monopolised by umbrella plant, asparagus sprengeri, or other hog. We should aim to produce handsome specimens within our lathhouses and so far have done so only in instances because we have overcrowded and underfertilized, over or underwatered, or some other fool reason just because we did not know. Now with knowledge comes responsibility.

Again must attention be called to those seeds that should be planted in flats for the summer lathhouse color. Schizanthus of course, and by the way seed of this planted last fall has made plants now coming into bloom, plants of tremendous vigor which have somewhat scattered the blooms and as these are outside taking the weather another very choice annual can be added to our winter bloomers. Coleus, which always repay the trouble and are so easy to raise, some old-fashioned balsam perhaps and certainly lobelia in variety. Box up or pot up a few roses of the choicer shades, yellows and pinks, that fade in our sun and let them get well budded out in the sunlight then bring them under lath to bloom out. They will give you some rare things. Some day I shall get a crazy man or corporation or something that will build a great big lathhouse for experimental planting of everything all the common annuals and perennials, shrubs and trees even and I am sure it will make startling disclosures. Among others that is possible in this lathhouse land is to have a garden with a perfectly unbelievable combination of the sun and shade loving, the common and rare.

Come to the Floral Association's monthly meetings.

Codiaeum By P. D. Barnhart



HIS family of the tribe, Euphorbiaceae, is universally known and grown under the erroneous name of Croton, which is another family of the same tribe, but of no special merit, either ornamental or economic, except the species, *Croton tiglium*, from the seeds of which is extracted the most drastic of purgatives—croton oil.

The word *Codiaeum* is derived from *Codebo*, the name which the inhabitants of the Malay Islands—the habitat of the species, have applied to it, and is pronounced co-di-e-um, accent on third syllable.

Authorities on the subject tell us that there are but four or five species, and it is generally believed that all the varieties now in cultivation were derived from seed of the one species, *C. variegatum*, except, of course, the few sports, or mutants. To my mind there is no class of plants in cultivation at this time, equal in beauty to well grown Crotons—while I am a stickler on the use of proper names for plants, as much so as for people, there are exceptions to the rule; as examples: *Croton*, *Pansy*, *Bleeding Heart*, *Lilac*, *Stocks*, *Rosemary*, etc.; therefore I shall always use the common and popular name *Croton* when discussing this subject.

A native of the tropics where the temperature is never less than 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and the humidity of the atmosphere never less than 85 per cent, the gardener who attempts to grow this wonderfully beautiful subject must make up his mind to create and maintain these climatic conditions, where they do not exist, if he would develop the green and gold, the red and bronze, and other indescribable colors, gorgeously blended, in foliage of curious patterns and designs. On the

Atlantic Coast these plants are used for bedding, and for three short months they brighten the gardens of folks who can afford to indulge in the luxury, but it must be borne in mind by Pacific Coast gardeners that their brethren of the East are par-boiled during these three months, while we sleep under blankets for comfort. Then again the dry atmosphere of this coast is not conducive to growing crotons worthy the name in the open.

I shall not at this time go into details on the subject of climatology—the daily weather bureau report will furnish interested readers such information, but I shall devote some space as to how to grow good Crotons.

A glass house, provided with a boiler to heat it is the first essential to success. The temperature should never go below 65, at night ten degrees higher is better, 85 to 90 during the day, with an atmosphere, reeking with moisture. The doors of such a house must not be left open in this climate, except when days are warm and air moist, which is a rare occurrence. The glass must be clean, if the rich colors of the plants are to be developed in all their beauty.

Ventilators at the ridge of the house must be adequate to permit excess heat to escape during sunny days, and closed tight at night to retain the heat. To grow plants to perfection in pots is a fine art; a subject which I shall discuss at another time, but the fellow who has the "knack" of growing good Crotons; plants with foliage, rich in color and luxuriant, from the pot to the top of the plant, is an artist of the highest type.

Of course plants so grown are worthless for exhibition or table decoration in this climate, for more than three days. They become chilled, suffer from the lack of moisture in the air, and the foliage drops from the plant.

Dahlias By A. D. Robinson



IT is not really time to talk about dahlias but the Garden comes out like the wind blows, that is when it listeth, and the March number might be late. Further inquiries keep coming in and folks to whom tubers have been promised are putting in delicate reminders.

Dahlia seed may be planted in March and more and more I am led to advocate the planting in the ground with some protection that can be easily removed. There is no skill and hardly any sense necessary to raise

dahlias from seed, as they cannot help growing, but for an early experiment a warm spot should be chosen and the soil must be sandy and friable. Success is locked up in giving room and treatment that will make stocky plants instead of weakkneed invalids. Only where dahlias are to be grown extensively is it worth while to grow them from seed for the tubers are quite cheap and can be had in such a variety both in color and form that even the most persnicketty buyer can be satisfied.

(Continued on Page 14)

The California Garden

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Office, 727 E. St., San Diego, Cal.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The San Diego Floral Association

Main Office, Point Loma, California

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Entered as second-class matter December 8, 1910, at the Post office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

California Garden is on the list of publications authorized by the San Diego Retail Merchants Association.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year

ADVERTISING RATES

One Page	\$10.00	Half Page	\$5.00
Quarter Page	2.50	Eighth Page	1.50

Advertising Copy should be in by the 25th of each Month

Elite Printing Co. 727 E. St., San Diego

January Meeting

The January meeting of the Floral Association was held on the 16th at the home of Mrs. Cowles, 212 Quince Street. President Connell called the meeting to order and the program of the evening was at once taken up.

Mr. Fleming read a magazine article on "Seed Planting" and then Mr. Morley, as speaker of the evening, told about the seed farms of Southern California, and what is being raised successfully here in the south.

The Shepard place in Ventura is raising double petunias by hybridization, getting 60% to 70% double from seed.

The Wallace Seed Farm has 300 acres of flowers, mainly sweetpeas, which are a wonderful new variety, but will not be on the market for several years. At a San Francisco flower show sweetpeas were exhibited with three to five flowers on a flower stem two feet in length.

It was suggested that should any one know of a good new book on plants or plant growing that the Secretary be notified so it might be mentioned in the Garden.

WINFIELD HALE, Sec. Pro-Tem.

Special Meeting

On May 22nd, 1915, a legislative Act, 348a, was approved by the state legislature of the State of California, established a "conservation, bird and arbor day," which provides:

"March seventh of each year, being the anniversary of the birthday of Luther Burbank, is hereby set apart and designated conservation, bird and arbor day. All public schools and educational institutions are directed to

observe conservation, bird and arbor day, not as a holiday, but by including in the school work of the day suitable exercises having for their object instruction as to the economic value of birds and trees, and the promotion of a spirit of protection toward them, and as to the economic value of natural resources, and the desirability of their conservation."

Therefore, the Floral Association, at its last meeting, held on February 20th, decided to hold a special meeting of the Floral Association on the evening of March 7th, 1917, in accordance with the direction of the statute and to observe the day set apart as Arbor Day and to conduct special exercises and to report upon the planting done during the day by the members of the Floral Association. It is requested that all members of the Floral Association be present at this special meeting and that every member will report that he or she planted a tree on Arbor Day. The plan of the meeting will be published in the daily papers, later.

Dahlias—(Continued from page 13)

Even though tubers can be held out of the ground till mid-April or May the place of their planting may well receive some attention. If fertilising with stable manure is contemplated it should be done at once and some lime also worked into the soil, the whole being made as mellow as possible. However it should be remembered that one fertilising in our leachy soil will not suffice for a season's bloom.

It has been said so many times that it ought to have had more effect that dahlias are most effective when planted in masses of one variety. As an instance the writer's dahlia reputation is largely due to his planting year after year two big beds of Gustave Doazon and treating them as well as he knew. The same tubers are used year after year being divided into sections of not more than two good tubers to a clump and spaced three feet each way. This fills the beds nicely but does not crowd them so that they cannot be comfortably entered to remove spent blooms and disbud.

How many readers remember that a list of varieties was published in a Fall issue of this magazine with a warning to preserve it?

There have been various articles appearing in garden literature suggesting that an attempt will be made to grow dahlias like chrysanthemums for huge blooms, and doubtless it can be done, but is it worth while? We have size up to a foot in diameter, though ten and a half inches is my largest, and an immense variety in color and form. What is now needed is a development in habit of growth that will give us symmetrical specimen plants independent of stakes with attractive foliage. From my own experience I think it comparatively easy to produce variegated foliage and the difference in texture and form is very marked.

The Audubon Society of San Diego

By J. C. THOMPSON, SURGEON, U. S. NAVY



HERE has just been organized in San Diego an Audubon Society. It is difficult to understand how a community in the United States could grow to the size of San Diego without measures being taken by its citizens to extend protection to the birds residing in, or hospitality to those migrating through the city. This undoubtedly is due, curious as it may seem, to the climate. The winter being so mild that the attention of people is not drawn to hungry birds or to those frozen to death in storms.

The routine activities of the society will be directed along the normal paths that are set forth by the National Association of Audubon Societies, the headquarters of which are in New York City. Each local branch soon discovers some special needs of its particular community and the caring for these becomes of the first importance.

The foremost special need in San Diego is popular instruction in Natural History subjects for the school children. For several years, Mrs. Frank Stephens, the vice-president of the Audubon Society, has been lecturing on the local birds to classes of school children at the San Diego Society of Natural History. It is difficult for one who has not been present to appreciate the interest taken in her talks. From thirty to fifty children crowd around as she goes from one cabinet to another, they listen with an attention and eagerness that is rarely equaled in a class room, and depart as happily as though they had been listening to fairy tales.

Every effort will be made by the society to foster and promote this work that Mrs. Stephens is doing, as it is exactly along these lines that the American Museum of Natural History and the Audubon Society have become such important figures in the educational system of New York City.

The work of directing the department of conservation of wild bird life will fall to Mr. Webb Toms, the Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner for the County. It is very largely due to the efforts of this gentleman that San Diego is today almost free from the english sparrow. That is more than can be said for any city of similar size in America.

An effort will be made to interest the Park Board in a few simple and above all inexpensive measures that may be adopted by them to augment the bird population of the parks. One of these consists of planting a few mountain ash and mulberry trees, as these afford no end of food to certain migrating birds that will not normally go onto the

ground in search of seeds. Another consists of systematic destruction of the many homeless cats that prow around and feed almost exclusively upon wild birds. A very necessary step is to designate some one to shoot the hawks. According to Mrs. Stephens there are only three in this vicinity that prey upon the song birds; these are the Sparrow, Coopers, and the Sharp Shinned Hawks.

At times one hears complaints of slight damage done to ornamental gardens by the birds. There are very few varieties that are destructive; of these the chief offenders are the House Linnet and the Intermediate Sparrow. Though both do some mischief, the fact remains that their economic importance is undisputed, for in spite of their occasional picking at cultivated plants over 85 per cent of their food consists of the seeds of troublesome plants, such as, tarweed, burweed, poison oak and alfalaria.

The Linnet is not protected by law, but its destruction in this city is inexcusable, as it is one of the best local songsters. The Intermediate Sparrow is protected but is not a permanent resident in San Diego, as it belongs strictly to the category of migrating birds.

For those who are desirous of saving their gardens from these little raids on the part of a few hungry song birds there is one procedure of real value and that is to establish feeding stations in each garden. These can be economically and artistically constructed and supplied with bread crumbs, stale fruit, the cheaper grains, such as millet and kafir corn and above all, suet. Full directions may be obtained from the Audubon Society for building and managing these places. Besides saving the garden one of these stations will more than repay its cost of up-keep in the pleasure it will afford those interested in watching the birds.

The Zoological Society is shortly going to take care of the animals in the Park and in the Zoo on the Isthmus. From various organizations and private individuals there will be received donations of money for definite purposes, such as erecting a bear pen, a house for the large animals related to the cats, such as the lions and tigers, and a reptile house. The contribution the Audubon Society will make to this movement will be funds for a small aviary to contain the order Raptores. To this group belongs the family of Falconidae, containing the species of hawks, the birds that are so destructive to countless forms of wild life.

The annual dues for membership are one

dollar. All communications intended for the Society should be addressed to the Secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Whitten, 2518, First street.

P. S.—Dr. Thompson suggests that a debate be arranged between a member of the Floral Association and a member of the Audubon Society, to decide the question as to whether the economic value of the song bird is greater than the damage he does to the gardens.

A Need Supplied

Some of us amateur gardeners have long felt the need of a sort of official "Garden Adviser" on whom we could call in an emergency for a diagnosis of our troubles and courses of treatment for our plant and soil ailments."

Of course we have Miss Sessions, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Blochman, and we have worked all sorts of subtle schemes to entice them into our front and back yards for the purpose of extracting information surreptitiously, but the need seems to be for a man, a woman, who will make it a sort of business and for a reasonable consideration, will spend from an hour to a half day going about our gardens, and telling us what is needed.

Possibly we have had a tree that has shown but little growth in the three or four years since we planted it. It only half lives and yet refuses to die. The Adviser might tell us what is the matter with it, or inform us that we are wasting our water fertilizer and effort on something that will never amount to anything, and then we could pull it up and plant something worth while in its stead.

As all things come to him who waits, the Garden is now able to inform its readers that such a man is now available for such service, in the person of Ralph W. Sumner, Secretary of the San Diego Floral Association. His education and practical experience amply fit him for work of that kind and the Garden heartily recommends him to any who may feel the need of his services. He may be reached by phoning Hillcrest 2259.

Before Renewing Your Garden This Spring

Ring Up

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[Miss Quito]



WE have always suspected its existence and now through the aid of The Geographical Magazine and an ac-

credited Minister from our Government to a foreign country, we have found it, THE PLACE WHERE ALL HENS UNDERSTAND "EFFICIENCY" AND LAY AND LAY AND LAY. Before disclosing the identity of this spot it might be well to say that we have taken options on all sites available for poultry uses, even for Corning houses. The place is Quito, capital of Ecuador, sitting astride the Equator and 9600 feet above the common level of the sea and we identified its chicken value from the following sentence, "Hens lay so persistently that they must be given medicine to save their lives."

☺ We are considering moving The Rosecroft Flock to Quito, but we shall take no medicine with us. In the meantime our Barred Rocks do everything a reasonable person could expect of hens outside the city limits of the Ecuadorian capital and eggs are \$2.50 and \$5 for 15.

Rosecroft Barred Rock Yards

Point Loma, California

Alfred D. Robinson

Proprietor and Manager once more. If you want to know what this means, buy eggs and find out.

Rosecroft Barred Rock Matings

ONCE again the Rosecroft matings have been adjusted and assembled. In my estimation they have moved forward a considerable step. Changes were necessary because from out the mysterious East comes the warning note that clarity of color is to be preferred to very narrow bar; in fact, it is freely admitted that bars have been too narrow in the male line, and that surface color is a feature and undercolor an incident. Also that the semi-cockrel-bred female is taboo in the exhibition class. In making this statement it is realized that

awards on the Pacific Coast have not been in agreement therewith; that is, in some cases, but this was to be expected when the wave of improvement has but started in the East.

¶ The most weighty claim to consideration secured by Rosecroft in exhibition was at Syracuse NEW YORK STATE FAIR where its winnings ran SECOND COCK, SECOND AND THIRD COCKEREL, SECOND AND FOURTH PULLET, SECOND PEN AND BEST DISPLAY.

¶ In describing individual matings the purpose of each will be briefly set forth.

COCKEREL MATINGS

PEN No. 1.—Male a March cockrel of Great Expectations (1st cockrel and color special Los Angeles, '14, and second cock there in '15). This bird has been named REALIZATION because he carries out his father's promise. He is of superb station, broad in back and full in breast with almost perfect head, carried on a beautiful neck. His color is extra strong, being remarkable on breast, body and thigh. He has been mated with six females carefully picked to preserve his good points and carrying the right blood lines to strengthen the possibility. From this mating it is hoped to get males of about standard size, early maturing, with exceptional show type and color rather on the dark order.

PEN No. 2.—Male UZ a son of the many times winner SHEM. Uz was second cockrel at the NEW YORK STATE FAIR and many judges conceded him first. He is a large bird with fine back and great breast, almost too narrow in bar, splendid head, with legs a thought too long. His mates are all low, large hens, sisters of the second cock at Syracuse, and from this pen should come males of splendid bone and size but not coarse, just the qualities that so many show specimens lack these days, with narrow bar and medium color.

PEN No. 3.—Male THE CRITIC, son of The Joker (a winner whenever shown). The Critic was in the second pen at New York State Fair and received high praise from the judge and visitors. He was a January chick and was born two years ahead of his time for his color is as brilliant and snappy as that of the best exhibition female, and conforms to standard requirements of bars of equal width and his undercolor is strong and definite, he is a large bird of good poise and splendid bone. His mates have been chosen with exceptional care as this is an "advance" male in every sense of the term. Males from this mating should be large and stylish with a marvelous bright color that is impressive in the yard as well as in the hand.

PEN No. 7.—Male, JAPHET, son of NOAH (second cock Los Angeles, '16) a very compact yearling cock of dark color but quite free from bronze or metallic sheen exceedingly vigorous and well poised on stout legs, his mates, five hens from the best males, are proven breeders and this pen should give exceptionally hardy chicks that will mature into typy, good colored birds under any fair treatment.

PEN No. 8.—Male, VILLA, yearling son of The Joker, and SECOND COCK at THE NEW YORK FAIR. Villa is a large bird of wonderful breadth, he looks as if one might ride on his back, his color is very soft but clear, and the tone even all over him. He was much admired at New York. With him are the six best early pullets raised this season and the results should be most impressive, both in size and color, running quite large.

PEN No. 11.—Male, ELAM, a son of SHEM. This yearling is a beautifully finished bird with the finest quality of head, rather on the small order but with beautiful station and splendid back and breast, color medium, his mates are pullets from the best males The Joker, Shem and I Should Say. From here cockrels should be extra well finished, particularly in tail, a poor section of late years, and they should round into show form quite early. Color will probably be medium dark with medium bar.

PULLET MATINGS

PEN No. 4.—Male, I SHOULD SAY, first Exhibition Cock at WORLD'S FAIR SAN FRANCISCO, who, mated to cockrel-bred females produced last year, second exhibition pullet at the New York State Fair. This, with the knowledge that he carries one-fourth pullet blood, induced his being mated for exhibition pullets. He is a bird of superb type and his pullets were all like him in this respect. The females are two pullets of wonderfully clear bar running right to their beaks, purchased to go with the male and five others of the best of the season, selected for this experiment, for experiment it is in everything but the knowledge of the excellence of the pullets from the male last year. Some remarkable pullets of marvelous type are expected from this mating.

PEN No. 5.—Male, OLYMPUS, son of CASSANDRA, a phenomenal bird from a phenomenal hen, splendid in snappy color and great type, one in a million, mated to eight hens of show quality and proven breeders, including third pullet, Los Angeles, '16. This mating has been made to secure the nearest to black and white possible and is partly the same as last season from which came some excellent late pullets.

PEN No. 6.—Male, MARVEL, now three years old who has sired many winners, including first and second pullets Los Angeles, '15 and third pullet '16, and second pullet World's Fair San Francisco. He has three of his last year's mates and four others selected in the light of two seasons' mating. From this pen have come many good ones and a better are expected this year. Their characteristics should be very good type with snappy narrow bar retaining tone of color everywhere.

PEN No. 9.—THE DREAM, yearling son of Marvel, a bird of beautiful, soft, narrow bar, neat head, good, smooth back and well spread, low-carried tail, mated to three pullets from second pen NEW YORK STATE FAIR and fourth pullet there and two others of even better quality. This pen should give both color and shape, the bar narrow and well defined. All the pullets are quite mature and large.

PEN No. 10.—THE VISION, cockrel grandson of Marvel, an exceptional shapely, vigorous, large bird with wonderful color and bar. His sisters were winners. He is mated with four yearlings of Marvel including first pullet Los Angeles '16, one early pullet by Marvel and a granddaughter of Cassandra. This pen should give extra fertility with large vigorous chicks that will easily make weight. The color and bar will be snappy and narrow.

PEN No. 12.—Male, WONDER, yearling son of Marvel, the most wonderful colored pullet mater ever on the place, nearly as narrow as an exhibition male but with that indefinable softness peculiar to his class. He has with him five select pullets and the hen that was second pullet at the World's Fair San Francisco, Nov., '15. Perhaps this mating will give the most wonderful color of any, it is mated up with that chiefly in mind, and the females are extra in shape.

Rosecroft Barred Rock Yards
Point Loma, Cal.

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